

Production No. 3F14

The Simpsons

"HOMER THE SMITHERS"

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TABLE DRAFT
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NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"HOMER THE SMITHERS"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....TRESS MACNEILLE
BART.....TRESS MACNEILLE
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MR. BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
EMPLOYEES.....ALL
ANNOUNCER (V.O.).....HANK AZARIA
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
APPLICANT.....DAN CASTELLANETA
2ND APPLICANT.....HANK AZARIA
3RD APPLICANT.....HANK AZARIA
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
WATER-SKIER.....HANK AZARIA
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
CUSTOMER.....HANK AZARIA
MRS. BURNS.....TRESS MACNEILLE

"HOMER THE SMITHERS"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD DRAGSTRIP - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A banner reads "Nuclear Power Plant Employees Night".

EXT. SPRINGFIELD DRAGSTRIP - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

BURNS and SMITHERS are at the entrance, greeting the power plant employees and their families (including the SIMPSONS). Burns is reading from cards Smithers is handing to him one at a time.

BURNS

(READING) Welcome employees! (NEXT
CARD) Come in! (NEXT CARD) The whole
night's entertainment is on me -- (WAITS
FOR NEXT CARD. THEN, PLEASED:) Monty
Burns!

EMPLOYEES

(CHEER)

INSIDE

Homer (wearing his oversized foam-rubber cowboy hat and carrying armloads of food) and the family walk down the aisle to their seats. Homer points at the funny cars.

HOMER

(UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER) Now I know why they call them "funny cars." I've never laughed so much in my life. (SERIOUSLY) Marge, those cars have the gift of laughter.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(THOUGH ECHOEY LOUDSPEAKER) Welcome (welcome) (welcome) to an evening of exciting quarter mile action (action) (action)! Now (now) now's the time to fuel up at our fabulous smorgasbord (orgasbord) (orgasbord)!

ON THE DRAGSTERS

We see cars that are sponsored by Duff Beer, Laramie Cigarettes, Kingpin Malt Liquor, Cop-Stopper Brand Explosive Bullets, Amalgamated Pornography, and other questionable companies (including Fox Television).

BART

Wow, look at that Laramie car! I can't wait to start smoking Laramies!

LISA

When I grow up, I'm going to drink Kingpin Brand malt liquor. (BEAT) In moderation.

HOMER

(INTRIGUED) Hmmm... "Amalgamated."

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Our first race is a benefit for
daredevil Lance Murdock (Murdock)
(Murdock), who's hospitalized with
cirrhosis of the liver (liver) (liver)!

The crowd **CHEERS**. Marge looks around the track as the cars
line up for the race.

MARGE

Boy, it sure would be fun to carpool in
one of those, huh, kids? (BEAT) I'd be
a real hot-rod mama, wouldn't I? Huh?
Huh?

BART

You missed the race, mama.

She looks at the track to see the cars have already **ROARED**
across the finish line and are deploying their parachutes.

MARGE

I wish I'd pay more attention.

INT. SPRINGFIELD DRAGSTRIP - BURNS' BOX

Burns sits in his luxury box. Smithers pours a teaspoonful
of beer from a bottle and feeds it to Burns.

BURNS

Smithers, this beer isn't working. I
don't feel any younger or "funkier."

SMITHERS

I'll switch to the tablespoon, Sir.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Coming up next, our feature race: The
Nuclear Power Plant Championship (plant)
(plant).

BURNS

Ah, at last! Smithers, fetch the bi-
oculars.

Smithers holds the binoculars in front of Burns' eyes and
moves them quickly to the right to follow the race.
Unfortunately, Burns' head can't quite move fast enough to
keep up with the dragsters.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Damnation! Tell them to go slower!

SMITHERS

Yes sir.

Smithers hurries out onto the track, flags down the
dragsters, and begins arguing with the drivers.

SMASH CUT TO:

The dragsters begin racing again. This time they're just
creeping along at five m.p.h., jockeying back and forth for
the lead. The drivers are looking up at Burns a little
resentfully.

BURNS

(HAPPILY) Go! Go!

The dragsters start to go a little faster.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(SEVERELY) Slow down!

They slow back down again.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD DRAGSTRIP - PARKING LOT - LATER THAT EVENING

Everyone, including the Simpsons, is leaving. Smithers loads Burns' things (including portable radio, monogrammed seat cushion, oxygen tank and mask, and croquet set) into the limo's trunk. Meanwhile, Burns sits in the back seat regarding a large foam "#1" finger with dissatisfaction.

BURNS

This novelty foam hand is ludicrously oversized. Go swap it for a smaller one.

SMITHERS

It is a bit ostentatious, Sir. I'll be right back.

Smithers jogs back into the dragstrip with the foam finger. Burns settles into his seat. Suddenly an obviously drunk LENNY, holding what's left of a beer, sticks his head in the window and beams at Burns.

LENNY

Hey, Burnsie! This was some swell shindig. Thank you very much.

Burns stares at Lenny for a moment in horror, then panics.

BURNS

Smithers! What's happening?!

LENNY

(OBLIVIOUS) My family had a great time and... and I just want to shake your hand...

Burns tries desperately to roll up his window. Lenny presses his face against the window, looking friendly as hell.

BURNS

Smithers! Help! Smithers!!

Smithers, returning with a normal-sized foam hand, sees Lenny trying to shake hands with Burns through the vent window.

SMITHERS

(MORTIFIED) Oh my God!

He runs back to the car, peels Lenny off Burns' windshield, and escorts him away. Lenny turns and gives Burns the thumbs up.

BURNS

(SHRIEK OF TERROR)

INT. BURNS' LIMO - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Smithers is driving a still-shaken Burns home.

BURNS

You should've seen the murderous glint in his eye, Smithers. He must have been tossing back spoonfuls of beer all evening.

SMITHERS

I'm so sorry, Mr. Burns. This was all my fault. I have no excuse for not being in two places at once.

BURNS

Don't concern yourself. If things had turned ugly I always had my mace.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Burns is holding an actual medieval-style mace (a club with a spiked metal ball attached by a chain). He puts the mace back in its holder, which is mounted behind him.

SMITHERS

Don't let me off the hook that easily. I failed you and I'll never forgive myself. Never! Never! Never!

Smithers **BANGS** his head on the steering wheel to punctuate each "never." Burns, irritated, pushes a button to raise the partition, gradually muffling Smithers completely. The phone **RINGS** in the back of the limo, and Burns answers it.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

(THROUGH PHONE) Never! Never! Never!

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Smithers, wearing a different outfit, continues on.

SMITHERS

Never! (BREAKS DOWN SOBBING)

BURNS

Smithers, when was your last vacation?

SMITHERS

(EVASIVE) Recently. Somewhat recently.

BURNS

Surely there's some way of proving or disproving your assertion. What would that be?

SMITHERS

My file, Sir. I'll go get it for you.

He exits and returns with a file folder labeled "Smithers, W." Burns opens it and flips through the documents (which include: an outdated photo of Smithers with a bushy mustache, a Master's Degree in Sycophancy from Stanford University, and a dishonorable discharge from the Navy.) He finally comes upon a page marked "Vacation History."

BURNS (CONT'D)

Hmm... I see you've visited Frambesia,
Varicella, Pertussis, Rubella, Mumps...
Whoa, whoa, whoa -- these are
vaccinations, not vacations! Smithers,
you've falsified these records!

SMITHERS

(CONFIDENTLY) No, Sir. Mumps has some
of the most beautiful castles in Wales.
(BURSTING INTO TEARS) Oh, it's no use.
I can't lie to you, Mr. Burns. I've
never taken a vacation in my life. I'm
a fraud. (WILDLY) I don't deserve to
live on your planet anymore!

Smithers knocks the jug off a nearby water cooler and jams
his head into the basin, attempting to **DROWN** himself. Burns
calmly pushes the spigot, quickly draining all the water.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

(WET GURGLY CHOKING, CHANGING TO DRY
CONFUSED NOISES)

Smithers sheepishly extracts his head from the water cooler
to see Burns regarding him sternly.

BURNS

That settles it! I insist you take a
vacation as soon as a temporary
substitute can be found.

SMITHERS

(REGAINING CONTROL OF HIMSELF) I could use some rest. But what would you do without me, Sir?

BURNS

Tchah! I'm not a baby who needs a nursemaid to burp me. (BELCH) You see? I've got everything under control. Now don't worry, I won't even notice you're gone.

We hear a **LOW, TENSE STING** as Burns ushers Smithers out and shuts the door. Smithers looks worried.

INT. POWER PLANT - SMITHERS' OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Smithers is interviewing his possible temporary replacements. The first APPLICANT looks and sounds a little like Smithers.

APPLICANT

As you can see by my resumé, I've been both a nuclear engineer and a butler for over twenty years.

SMITHERS

In other words, you're completely unqualified for this job. I don't know why the temp agency even sent you.

A SECOND APPLICANT approaches. He looks like a black version of Smithers.

2ND APPLICANT

I devote my life to charming difficult old men.

SMITHERS

Hit the road.

The THIRD APPLICANT looks almost exactly like Smithers. He enters and puts a hand on Smithers' arm.

3RD APPLICANT

You look tired, Mr. Smithers. Let me make you a cup of ginseng tea.

SMITHERS

The last thing Mr. Burns needs or wants is a bootlicker! Get out.

INT. POWER PLANT - SMITHERS' OFFICE - LATE AT NIGHT

Smithers sits at his computer terminal.

SMITHERS

(TO HIMSELF) I've got to find a replacement who won't outshine me. Perhaps if I search the employee evaluations for the word (TYPING) "incompetent..."

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

It reads "714 Matches Found."

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

714 names! Better be more specific.

(TYPING) "Lazy", "Clumsy", "Dimwitted", "Monstrously Ugly".

We see the familiar Macintosh "ticking watch" icon. After a moment, the screen again reads "714 matches found."

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Still the same names.

He thinks for a beat, then types in one more trait.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

(TYPING) "Despises the elderly."

This time, the computer screen reads "706 matches found."

SMITHERS

Aw, nuts to this. I'll just go get

Homer Simpson.

INT. SIMPSON HOME - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Bart and Lisa are eating. Homer toys morosely with an uneaten portion of lasagna.

HOMER

(WHINY MOAN) I don't want to be

assistant to that old slave-driver.

He'll hassle me for leaving early.

He'll complain about my TV being too

loud. He has no respect for the concept

of the siesta.

LISA

Don't be nervous, Dad. Assisting Mr.

Burns could give your career a real shot

in the arm.

HOMER

This isn't the way I wanted to move up.

I wanted to backstab, step on toes,

dress provocatively.

Marge enters from the kitchen and sets a bowl of corn on the table.

MARGE

Don't be nervous, Homer. Assisting Mr. Burns could give your career a real shot in the arm.

LISA

Mo-omm! I just said that!

MARGE

Sor-ry. Next time get your own darned corn.

INT. POWER PLANT - SMITHERS' OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Homer sits uncomfortably in Smithers' chair.

HOMER

Is this the chair I'll be sitting on?

SMITHERS

Yes. Now I realize caring for Mr. Burns seems like a big job, but actually it's just 2800 small jobs.

HOMER

(MOAN)

SMITHERS

Your new duties will include answering Mr. Burns' phone, preparing his tax return, moistening his eyeballs, assisting with his chewing and swallowing, lying to Congress, and some light typing.

The phone **RINGS**. Smithers answers it.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Montgomery Burns' office... Oh, hello Mrs. Burns... I'll see if your son is available.

Smithers covers the mouthpiece.

HOMER

Mr. Burns has a mother!? She must be a hundred million years old!

SMITHERS

She has limited capacities. All she can do is dial and yell.

Smithers puts the phone to his ear.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) I'm sorry, Monty can't come to the phone right now. He's, uh, beating back a wave of molten uranium to save the town.

In the background, we see Burns at his desk, sitting drowsily in the sunlight. He nods off for a second, then jerks awake.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll give him the message. (HANGS UP, TURNS TO HOMER) Mr. Burns doesn't like to talk to his mother. They had a falling-out over the O.J. Trial.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Smithers, holding toothbrush and toothpaste tube, is trying to brush Burns' teeth for him. Burns swats him away.

BURNS

(SPITS) Really, Smithers, I'll be fine!
I'm sure your replacement will be able
to handle everything. (PEERS OUT DOOR)
Who is he, anyway?

SMITHERS

Homer Simpson, Sir. One of your organ
banks from sector 7-G. (BEAT) All the
recent events of your life have revolved
around him in some way.

BURNS

Simpson, eh?

INT. POWER PLANT - SMITHERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smithers comes out of Burns' office. A horn **HONKS** outside.
He picks up his suitcase and camera and puts on a pair of
sunglasses. Homer raises his hand.

HOMER

I don t understand 2700 of my new
duties.

SMITHERS

Well, that's my taxi. Uh, which one
duty is giving you the most trouble?

HOMER

Um, what do I do in case of fire?

There's a second, more insistent, horn **HONK**.

SMITHERS

I'm sorry. I've really gotta go.

Smithers leaves. Homer sits quietly at his desk for a beat. Then he turns to glance into Burns' office, and sees the entire room is engulfed in flames. Burns sits obliviously at his desk doing paperwork.

HOMER

(MOANS) Just my luck.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Homer, **PANTING** heavily, is putting out the last of the flames with a fire extinguisher. Burns is still doing paperwork and apparently hasn't noticed any of this. He looks up and is startled.

BURNS

Good lord, Smithers! You look
atrocious. I thought I told you to take
a vacation.

HOMER

Smithers already left, Sir. I'm his
replacement, Homer Simpson.

BURNS

Ah, yes, Simpson. I'll have my lunch
now. A single pillow of shredded wheat,
some steamed toast, and a dodo egg.

HOMER

But I think the dodo went extinct..

BURNS

Get going! And answer those phones,
install a computer system, and rotate my
office so that window faces the hills.

HOMER

(HESITANTLY) Uh, okay, I'll go shred
that pillow you wanted.

Homer backs out of the room.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - BEFORE DAWN

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer staggers out of bed and begins struggling into his pants.

HOMER

(LOW) Lousy two-legged pants.

MARGE

(SLEEPY) Homie, it's 4:30 in the morning. Did you have that nightmare about the smelly horse again?

HOMER

Yes, but I had to get up anyway. It's time for me to make breakfast for Mr. Burns.

MARGE

Poor Homie. Poor, poor... (FALLS ASLEEP)

EXT. BURNS MANSION - FOYER - A LITTLE LATER

Homer uses his key to open the front door. As he steps inside, he's immediately set upon by a pack of vicious **BARKING** HOUNDS. He struggles to enter a passcode into an alarm keypad next to the door. When he finishes, the dogs disperse and go back to sleep.

INT. BURNS MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Homer enters and looks around. The kitchen is full of weird-looking 19th century kitchen appliances.

HOMER

Hmmm. One of these must be a breakfast maker.

Homer looks helplessly around the kitchen for a moment, then takes a deep breath, puts on a chef's hat and apron, and begins rolling up his sleeves.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(DETERMINED) Well, it's my job to cook him breakfast, and I'm gonna cook the best damned breakfast he ever ate!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BURNS MANSION - BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Homer enters with a bag of donuts and some Kwik E Mart coffee. His clothes are spattered and his chef's hat is burned. Mr. Burns sits up in bed and coldly examines his breakfast.

BURNS

You call these three minute eggs? These are dough-nuts!

Burns slaps the doughnuts to the floor with a newspaper, then hands the paper to Homer.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Here. Tell me how my stocks did yesterday.

Homer turns to the stock page. It's swimming with minuscule type.

HOMER

Uh... they all won.

BURNS

Eh? What about my options?

HOMER

Well, you can either get up or go back to sleep.

BURNS

(CONSIDERS) I believe I'll get up.

INT. BURNS MANSION - OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

We hear bath water being run, then a back being **SCRUBBED**.

BURNS (O.S.)

Scrub harder. Got to get that layer of
dead skin off.

We hear harder **SCRUBBING**.

HOMER (O.S.)

(SHUDDER)

INT. BURNS MANSION - BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Homer brings Burns a silver tray containing an assortment of false teeth. Burns looks them over.

BURNS

I think the fangs today.

Homer picks up the false teeth with the fangs and puts them into Burns' mouth. Then, after Burns has glared at him for a few moments, he carefully closes Burns' mouth.

INT. POWER PLANT - OUTSIDE BURNS' OFFICE - NINE A.M.

Burns stands in front of the door. Homer waits. Burns keeps looking at him, then at the door.

HOMER

(INNOCENTLY) Are we going to stand here
all day, Mr. Burns?

BURNS

Cretin.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(REALIZING) Oh.

Homer opens the door and Burns steps inside.

MONTAGE

1) We see Homer answering the constantly **RINGING** bank of phones.

HOMER

Hello? 'Fraid not. (NEXT PHONE)

Hello? Nope, sorry. (NEXT PHONE) No,
can't help ya. (HANGS UP) (THINKS FOR
A BEAT) (CALLS O.S.) Hey, are you
Montgomery?

BURNS (O.S.)

Yes.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT) --n't worry. Those
calls weren't for you.

2) Burns sticks his head out of his office and glares at Homer.

BURNS

Did you get that report on the
accounting department?

HOMER

(A LITTLE PROUD) Yes, sir, I did.

Homer takes a piece of paper out of his pocket, unfolds it,
and begins to read.

HOMER (CONT'D)

The accounting department is located on
the third floor. Its hours are 9 a.m.
to 5 p.m. The head of this department
is a Mr. Johnson or Johnstone.

Burns takes Homer's report, folds it neatly, puts it in an envelope, seals it, and addresses the envelope to "INCINERATOR." He passes Homer the envelope.

3) Homer reads a stack of messages to Burns. Burns gets angrier as he hears each message.

HOMER

Here are your messages: "You have 30 minutes to move your car," "You have 10 minutes," "Your car has been impounded," "Your car has been crushed into a cube," "You have 30 minutes to move your cube."

The phone **RINGS**. Homer answers it.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Mr. Burns' office.

BURNS

(ANNOYED) Is it about my cube?

HOMER

It's Mr. Smithers calling for you.

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - DAY

Smithers is dressed in a suit, carrying a briefcase, and standing rigidly next to the surf as he talks into a cellular phone. Behind him, TWO MEN play volleyball.

SMITHERS

Is everything okay, sir? Because I'm listed stand-by on every flight out of here.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE

BURNS

Everything's fine, Smithers. Though
this Simpson fellow seems to be getting
dumber by the minute. I've never seen
anything quite like it... Anyhoo, you
just enjoy your vacation.

Homer looks a little hurt.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

Homer is slumped on the couch, totally exhausted. Bart and
Lisa enters.

HOMER

(SNORING)

BART

(TWO CLAPS) Look alive, Simpson! I'm
not paying you to goldbrick!

HOMER

(WAKING UP SNORTS) Yes, sir!

BART

Now get cracking on my long division.
And don't forget to show your work,
Simpson.

HOMER

(GROGGY) I'll have it on your desk in
the morning, sir.

LISA

Bart, leave Simpson alone.

Lisa surreptitiously leans over to whisper in Homer's ear.

LISA (CONT'D)

(WHISPERING) Simpson! I need a ride to
the library.

Marge enters.

MARGE

Kids, stop exploiting your father.
Homie, why don't you lie down and relax.

HOMER

No time, Marge. I think Mr. Burns
wanted me to do some long division.

MARGE

Simpson! Lie down!

Homer obediently falls back onto the couch.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Sorry, but you need a good night's rest.

HOMER

(RESTFUL SIGH)

BURNS (V.O.)

Simpson!

We hear the **DEAFENING CLANGING** of a bell.

INT. BURNS MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Burns sits up in bed, softly ringing a tiny bell into the end
of a megaphone. We **PULL BACK TO REVEAL** that the megaphone
extends out the window, where it grows to gigantic
proportions. Homer runs in, **HUFFING** and **PUFFING**.

BURNS

The telephone has been ringing for some
time. Answer it.

We see the **RINGING** phone sitting on Burns' night table, just inches from his hand. Homer picks up the receiver and listens for a moment.

HOMER

It's for you.

He places the phone to Burns' ear.

INT. TROPICAL NIGHT CLUB - SIMULTANEOUS

Smithers is calling from a night club where "Relax" by Frankie Goes to Hollywood is playing. In the background, we see **DANCING COUPLES** that don't seem to include women. Smithers has loosened up enough that he's now wearing a Hawaiian shirt and shorts instead of a suit and tie.

SMITHERS

Mr. Burns, 48 rings! Are you all right?

(**SUSPICIOUS**) What did Simpson do to you?

INT. BURNS' MANSION - BEDROOM

BURNS

(**INTO PHONE**) Nothing other than drive me to distraction with his incompetent boobery. Terrible at everything. A complete moron. (**SOTTO, CUPPING HAND TO RECEIVER**) But I'm not really free to talk right now.

Homer furrows his brow, a little peeved.

BURNS (**CONT'D**)

(**INTO PHONE**) Stop calling me and start enjoying your vacation. Remember, I want to see lots of pictures when you get back.

INT. TROPICAL NIGHT CLUB

SMITHERS

Ah... actually, Sir, picture taking is
not allowed at this particular resort.

(HURRIEDLY) I've got to go now --
there's a line forming behind me.

Smithers hangs up just as a CONGA LINE passes by. The line
grabs him by the waist and pulls him in.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Yah! Watch the sunburn!

EXT. POWER PLANT - NEXT DAY

Homer walks up to the plant gate. He hesitates, suppresses
an involuntary shudder, then stands up straight and walks in.

MONTAGE

1) As Homer stands by, Burns **FLICKS** on his desk lamp and
recoils in horror.

BURNS

(PAINED CRY) 60 watts! I don't have
the eyes of a teenager, you lamebrain!
Get me a 59 watt bulb.

2) Burns sits in bed, wearing what appears to be a dunce
cap.

BURNS

I asked for light starch on my nightcap!

Burns takes off the cap and jabs Homer with the point.

HOMER

(BEING JABBED NOISES)

3) Burns throws a cup of something in Homer's face.

BURNS

You call this Postum?!

4) Burns knocks over a giant stack of papers.

BURNS

You call this a tax return?!

5) Burns beats a huge Cray super-computer with his cane, causing it to spark and smoke on Homer.

BURNS

You call this a computer system?!

6) We see a series of lightning-fast close-ups of Burns yelling angrily and throwing books, pencils, etc. at Homer. Homer grows angrier and angrier until he can't take it anymore.

HOMER

(CRY OF RAGE)

Finally, unexpectedly, Homer punches Burns in the face. Burns drops to the floor and lies motionless. There's a stunned moment, in which the only sound we hear is the clock on the wall **TICKING**. Then Homer **WHIMPERS** with fear and runs out the door.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Homer runs **WHIMPERING** into the house and up the stairs.

MARGE

How was work today, Homer?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Marge and the kids enter and look curiously around the room. No Homer. They hear **WHIMPERING** coming from under the bed.

LISA

Dad's under the bed again.

Marge bends down and looks under the bed at Homer. He scrabbles backwards away from her.

MARGE

Is there something wrong, Homer?

HOMER

No.

MARGE

(PROMPTING HIM) Except...

HOMER

Except I killed Mr. Burns.

MARGE

(PANICKED) Oh my God! (HYPERVENTILATES)

Marge takes a folding fan from her pocket, flips it open, and fans herself frantically.

LISA

What happened, Dad?

HOMER

I punched Burns right in his 104 year-old face.

LISA

Are you sure he's dead? Maybe you just really really hurt him.

MARGE

Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay. Maybe everything's all right. Maybe if you go apologize, he won't even fire you.

(AFTERTHOUGHT) If he's alive.

INT. POWER PLANT - OUTSIDE BURNS' OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Homer walks up to the door of Burns' office, takes a deep breath, then knocks on the door.

HOMER

(CALLING SOFTLY) Mr. Burns?

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

HOMER'S P.O.V.

The room seems to be empty. We hear labored **BREATHING** coming from somewhere. We continue to pan, passing the top of Burns' head, which is sticking up from behind a potted plant. Then we quickly pan back and zoom in on the head.

ON HOMER

He walks over to the potted plant and looks behind it. Burns cowers there, disheveled and sporting a black eye.

BURNS/HOMER

(SHORT SCREAM)

HOMER

I'm really sorry I hit you, Mr. Burns.

Here, let me put some salt on that eye.

BURNS

(TERRIFIED) No, please! I can't bear another thrashing. Just leave me be.

HOMER

Yes, sir.

Homer exits. Burns crouches farther down behind the plant.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - LATER

Burns rushes over to the phone on his desk.

BURNS

Must call Smithers. He'll protect me from this beast.

Burns picks up the phone and looks at it curiously.

BURNS (CONT'D)

I've seen people activate this machine a thousand times. Doesn't seem to be any trick to it... Let's see... Smithers...

(DIALING) "S-M-I-T-H-E-R-S". (BEAT)

Success! It's ringing!

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - SIMULTANEOUS

Moe picks up the phone.

BURNS (V.O.)

I'm looking for a Mr. Smithers. First name, Waylon.

Moe looks at the phone. His eyes narrow.

MOE

Oh, so you're looking for a Mr. Smithers, eh? First name, Waylon, is it? (SUDDENLY VICIOUS) Listen you... when I catch you, I'm going to pull out your eyes and shove 'em up your butt so you can watch me kick the crap out of you. Then I'm going to use your tongue to paint my boat.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Burns stares at the phone in horror. He hangs up slowly, then puts a heavy book on top of the phone, then an ottoman on top of that. Then he walks carefully over to his potted plant and crouches behind it.

BURNS

Smithers, if only you could hear me.

Why, oh why, did I leave my giant
megaphone at home?

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - THAT MINUTE

Smithers is driving a powerboat. Suddenly, he cocks his head
as if he's heard something.

SMITHERS

(GASP) Something tells me Mr. Burns
needs me.

He instinctively yanks the throttle back, stopping the boat
dead. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL he was towing a pyramid of TEN
WATER-SKIING MEN who now glide helplessly up to the boat and
tumble onto the deck.

WATER-SKIER

What's wrong, Waylon?

SMITHERS

Nothing, I guess.

WATER-SKIER

(GENTLY) You're thinking about Mr.
Burns, aren't you?

Smithers nods sheepishly.

WATER-SKIER (CONT'D)

Remember the song, Waylon? What does
Frankie say?

SMITHERS/WATER-SKIER

Frankie say "relax." (SHARE A CHUCKLE)

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Burns, now quite haggard and with five o'clock shadow, crouches near the entrance to his office. He slides a hand mirror under the door, attempting to survey the outer office.

BURNS

Praise God, I think the thug has finally gone home for the day. Now I can make my escape...

Suddenly, Homer's reflection looms grotesquely in the mirror. He smiles, and Burns rears back with a **YELP**.

HOMER

(EAGER TO PLEASE) Hi, Mr. Burns. Do you want your coffee now?

BURNS

(SLIGHT PANIC) Uh... no! I'm... uh... making it myself!

Burns picks up the coffee pot and **RATTLES** it at the door.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Hear that? No need to come in! The percolations are imminent!

Burns regards the coffee pot, turning it this way and that.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(LOW, TO HIMSELF) I wonder which part is the coffee?

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - LATER

Homer peeks in. Burns is drinking a cup of coffee. The office is a mess. A fifty pound sack of coffee is torn open and spilling on the floor. Coffee grounds are spattered on the walls and ceiling.

BURNS

(NERVOUS) Stay back, Homer! Approach no further. Coffee's already made. I stomped the beans myself.

HOMER

Well, can I at least drive you home, Mr. Burns? It's five o'clock.

BURNS

No... uh... I thought, uh, I'd chauffeur myself this evening! Yes, that's what I thought. After all, how different can driving a limousine be from paying for one?

EXT. STREET - THAT NIGHT

Burns' long limo cuts a corner way too sharply, knocking over mailboxes and streetlights. CHIEF WIGGUM dives out of the way.

WIGGUM

(GRUMBLES) That'd be illegal if it weren't a limo.

Burns continues on his way, happily **HONKING** as he careens through PEDESTRIAN-filled intersections.

INT. BURNS' CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

We see him turning the steering wheel back and forth in exaggerated arcs, like a three year-old, as the car knocks down stop signs and fire hydrants.

BURNS

I can't believe it! All my life I've avoided doing things for myself, but I'm actually enjoying this. Plus I'm making incredible time. (CALLING JOYFULLY)
Beep beep! Out of my way, I'm a motorist!

ESTABLISHING SHOT - POWER PLANT - NEXT DAY

INT. POWER PLANT - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Burns washes his hands at the sink.

BURNS

(GETTING THE HANG OF IT) One hand washes the other. It's child's play.

He walks over to the hand dryer and squints at the instructions.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(READING) "Push butt..."

He does so.

BURNS (CONT'D)

"Wipe hands under arm hair..."

He sticks his hands in his shirt and rubs them back and forth. He pulls them out and examines them.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Excellent.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - LATER

Homer pokes his head into Burns' office.

HOMER

Would you like me to shred those
environmental reports for you, sir?

BURNS

(CONFIDENT, ALMOST JOVIAL) Already
taken care of.

We hear a **GRINDING** sound as a pile of paper shreds are
extruded from the shredder. Burns **CHUCKLES** and tosses the
remnants out the window. He turns and offers Homer a small
cup.

BURNS

Cappuccino, Simpson?

The phone **RINGS**. Homer reaches for it, but Burns' bony hand
beats him to it. Burns confidently tosses the receiver from
one hand to the other, then raises it to his ear.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Ahoy-hoy? (BEAT) No,
you have the wrong number. This is 5-2-
4-6. I suspect you need more practice
working your telephone machine.

(LISTENS) Not at all. Ahoy.

Burns spins the receiver by the cord and hangs up.

HOMER

Mr. Burns, is there anything at all I
can do for you?

Burns stands and approaches Homer fearlessly.

BURNS

No, Homer. You've already done more for me than any man. Your brutal attack forced me to fend for myself. I realize now that being waited on hand and foot is okay for your average Joe, but it's not for me. I want to thank you.

Burns clasps Homer's hand, then hugs him tight.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Just then, Smithers walks in the door. He sees Burns hugging Homer and drops one of his bags in shock. Several pineapples fall out and roll across the floor.

SMITHERS

Oh my God! I knew I shouldn't have left!

BURNS

Ah, welcome back, Smithers. You look rested. Say, do you know Homer Simpson? He pitched in around the office while you were away. (TO HOMER) Bang up job, Simpson, but I guess it's back to your trusty post in sector 7-G.

Burns gives Homer a good-natured, playful punch on the chin. Smithers breathes a **SIGH OF RELIEF**, then holds the door open for Homer.

SMITHERS

You heard the man, Simpson.

BURNS

Ah, and my dear, dear Smithers... you're
no longer needed at all. You're fired.

Ta!

Burns looks down and resumes his paperwork. Smithers turns to Homer with a pathetic incredulous look. Homer returns the gaze, concerned.

HOMER

You need help eatin' those pineapples?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The family is greedily **GOBBLING** their dinner as usual. Homer unenthusiastically **GOBBLES** at half speed.

MARGE

Homer, what's wrong?

HOMER

Remember how I told you once that the only thing I couldn't screw up was getting fired? Well, I found a way, and Mr. Smithers was fired instead.

BART

Poor guy. That job was all he had.

MARGE

Let's just hope he remains gruntled and doesn't come back and hurt someone.

LISA

Don't worry, Dad. Mr. Smithers is a resilient man. I'm sure he can get a great job at any corporation he wants.

EXT. PIANO MOVING COMPANY - NEXT DAY

There's a "Help Wanted" sign in the window. Smithers straightens his tie, then walks briskly inside.

SMITHERS (O.S.)

Meet your new piano mover.

INT. DR. HIBBERT'S OFFICE - HOURS LATER

Smithers, obviously in pain, stands hunched over with a hand on his back. Dr. Hibbert examines Smithers' x-rays.

DR. HIBBERT

We'll have to put a steel rod where your spine was.

SMITHERS

Will I ever move a piano again?

DR. HIBBERT

(CHUCKLES) No.

INT. SPRINGFIELD DRAGSTRIP - NIGHT

We hear Smithers' voice coming over the loudspeaker. The crowd is looking up at the loudspeaker curiously.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

Get ready for exciting quarter mile action at the Springfield Dragstrip. It'll be motorized mayhem (mayhem) (mayhem)!... (LOW) Do we need all these "mayhems?" (BEAT) We do. All right, fair enough. I suppose you know your business. (LOUD) Get ready for fun (fun) (fun)... (LOW) The people are already here. We don't need to keep hustling them like this, do we? (BEAT) Hey, let go of me! Where are you kicking me?

EXT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - ESTABLISHING

A sign reads "SPRINGFIELD MALL -- Putting our downtown out of business since 1972."

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons walk past a store called "Something Wicker This Way Comes." Smithers emerges with the MANAGER, who shakes his hand and takes down a "Help Wanted" sign from the window.

HOMER

Hey, congratulations!

SMITHERS

Actually, I showed them how they could get more productivity from their staff by fostering an atmosphere of fear and paranoia. Then they immediately fired me as an example to the others.

MARGE

You know what? I bet Ned Flanders could use a right-hand man over at the Leftorium. Why don't you try there?

SMITHERS

Thanks for the tip. Is it okay if I use your name as a reference, Homer?

HOMER

Sure!

Behind Homer's back, Marge frantically signals Smithers not to use Homer's name.

EXT. LEFTORIUM - LATER THAT DAY

A sign reads "The Leftorium -- Where The Customer Is Always... Left!"

INT. LEFTORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Flanders and his new assistant, Smithers, are fluttering around a CUSTOMER, seemingly trying to out-nice each other.

FLANDERS

Here, let me gift-wrap that for ya. No extra charge.

Smithers brushes off the customer's coat.

SMITHERS

I hope you don't mind me tidying you up a bit while you wait.

FLANDERS

Help yourself to a piece of candy from that bowl if you like.

SMITHERS

I'll just comb your hair.

Smithers begins combing the customer's hair.

CUSTOMER

Stop that! (TO NED) Cancel my purchase.

FLANDERS

(CAN'T HIDE HIS DISAPPOINTMENT) Okily-dokily-doo.

The customer stomps out. Smithers and Flanders look at each other.

SMITHERS

Sorry. I drove him away.

FLANDERS

No, it was me.

SMITHERS

I insist it was my fault. I'm no good
at this job.

Smithers takes a left-handed cup off a nearby shelf and dashes it to the floor in frustration.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

I'll pay for that.

FLANDERS

No, that's all right. I drove you to
it. (BEAT) I'm a monster.

Smithers broods for a moment, then makes a momentous decision.

SMITHERS

The only job I'm good at is serving Mr.
Burns. And that's what I'm going to do,
dammit!

Smithers pounds his fist on a shelf for emphasis. As he storms out, the entire shelf collapses, **SHATTERING** dozens of mugs. Flanders waves.

FLANDERS

Nice working with ya!

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - LATER

In what is practically a ballet, we see Burns pour himself a cup of coffee with a flourish, change a light bulb, tie his shoelace, and swat a fly.

PULL BACK TO:

EXT. POWER PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Smithers, perched atop a telephone pole, has been watching Burns through binoculars.

SMITHERS

My God, he's swatting his own flies!
He's become a superman. There's only
one way I can get my job back now.

INT. POWER PLANT - HOMER'S WORKSTATION - MINUTES LATER

Smithers checks to make sure the coast is clear, then approaches Homer.

SMITHERS

Simpson, I've come to a decision. I've
worked too hard for too long to give up
my career now. And I will, nay, I must
win back my rightful place as Mr. Burns'
intern! I have a plan, but I need your
help.

HOMER

(HELPFUL) Can I help?

INT. BURNS' OUTER OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

Smithers cautiously peers into Burns' office. Burns is
typing at very high speed.

SMITHERS

Okay, Homer. Shield me from Mr. Burns'
all-seeing gaze.

Homer boldly strides into the room and stations himself, arms
akimbo, as Smithers crouches behind him and begins flipping
through the Rolodex on his old desk.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Mr. Burns may have mastered the staple remover. He may have learned how to lather, rinse, and if necessary, repeat. But I'll wager dollars to donuts he still can't handle a call from his mother.

HOMER

You're on.

Homer **SLAPS** a dollar bill down on the desk. Smithers finds the entry in the Rolodex and dials.

SPLIT SCREEN

BURNS' MOTHER is on a Southern verandah, sitting in a wicker wheelchair with a blanket over her knees. She picks up the phone from a nearby tray.

MRS. BURNS

(INTO PHONE, GROUCHY) What

SMITHERS

Hello, Mrs. Burns? This is Waylon Smithers. I have your son Montgomery on the line.

MRS. BURNS

That improvident lackwit. Always too busy striding about his atom mill to call his own mother. I ll give him "what-fors" till he cries brassafra!

Smithers presses a button and puts her on hold. He turns to Homer.

SMITHERS

Perfect. When I give the signal, you transfer the call to Mr. Burns. After she tears into him, I'll rush in and save the day.

HOMER

Got it.

Smithers stations himself just outside Mr. Burns' door, then signals Homer to proceed.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTO INTERCOM) I'm transferring a call into you, Mr. Burns.

BURNS (V.O.)

(THROUGH INTERCOM, COCKY) No problemo.

HOMER'S POV

He looks down at the phone. There are two buttons labeled "TRANSFER" and "DISCONNECT". Homer confidently presses the disconnect button. We immediately hear a **DIAL TONE**.

HOMER

Uh oh. That doesn't sound very much like her.

BURNS (O.S.)

Ahoy-hoy? Hoy?

Homer sees Smithers waiting hopefully by the door. He **GULPS** and pushes another button which connects him with Burns.

HOMER

(FALSEPTO) Hello, Mr. Burns? This is your mother.

Smithers overhears this. His eyes widen. He turns to Homer and begins frantically waving "No". Homer gives him the thumbs up.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Burns turns pale and begins to sweat a little. Then he steels himself for the task.

BURNS

(BRAVELY) Oh, hello, mater. I was going to call you earlier, but the 50's turned into such a tumultuous decade, it became impossible to find a phone booth that wasn't packed with fraternity members.

INT. POWER PLANT - SMITHERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Homer notices Smithers' urgent waving.

HOMER

(PALSETTO) Just a minute, Mr. Burns...

Homer puts his hand over the mouthpiece.

SMITHERS

(ALMOST HISSING) Mrs. Burns is 122 years old, so try to sound more desiccated. And she doesn't call her son Mr. Burns!

HOMER

(TO SMITHERS) One step ahead of ya.

Homer resumes talking to Burns, but now he's using the stupidest voice in the world.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Son, this is Mrs. Burns! I just called
to say I don't love you. You are a bad
son, Montel!

Homer motions Smithers to go into Burns' office. WE WIDEN TO
REVEAL that Mr. Burns has come out and is staring at Homer

BURNS

So! Impersonate my mother, will you?
And you, Smithers! You must have put
him up to it! This is even worse than
that drag race incident. I'm glad I
fired you.

Smithers looks at Homer. Smithers' lip wobbles noticeably.

HOMER

You really blew it this time, Smithers.
Smithers **GROWLS** and leaps on Homer.

SMITHERS

(WILDLY) You ruined my last chance at
lackeyhood!

They start brawling. The fist fight rolls into Burns'
office.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Homer and Smithers roll around the office, struggling. Burns
hops around the combatants, trying to get them to stop.

BURNS

Stop that! Stop that at once! You're
fighting!

Homer slaps at Smithers and yanks on his hair.

SMITHERS

Stop fighting like a girl, Simpson.

HOMER

Okay.

Homer **BELTS** Smithers in the chin. Smithers staggers backward, then punches Homer in the stomach. His fist is engulfed by Homer's flab. It takes a second to reemerge.

BURNS

Stop it! Stop it, I say!

Burns pokes at them with a yardstick, blows up a paper bag and **POPS** it, then throws a glass of water on them. The brawl continues unabated.

SMITHERS

I'll teach you how to use a phone, you
boob!

Smithers begins clubbing Homer in the head with the phone. The combatants roll towards Burns. He backpedals to avoid them, finally climbing atop his 8 foot stuffed polar bear. Homer rears back, then charges toward Smithers.

HOMER

(FURIOUS SNARL)

ANGLE ON SMITHERS

For some reason, he's calmly dialing the combination on Mr. Burns' wall safe. He finishes and swings it open. Homer immediately runs face-first into the metal door.

SMITHERS

(SATISFIED CHUCKLE)

HOMER

(CRY OF PAIN)

Homer staggers back, inadvertently bumping into the polar bear. It tips over, and first Burns, then the bear, fall out of the third-story window. Homer and Smithers stop fighting and rush to the window. They look down.

SMITHERS

Oh my.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BURNS MANSION - ESTABLISHING - SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER

INT. BURNS MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Burns is in bed, with a cast on his arm. Smithers is spoon feeding him.

SMITHERS

Here comes the endangered condor into
the power lines.

Burns chews. Smithers places Burns' teddy bear next to him.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

I've got Bobo, hot from the dryer!
Careful not to burn yourself on his
eyes.

BURNS

I don't need you to do any of this. I'm
totally self-reliant now. What I would
like, though, is a Spanish peanut.

Burns opens his mouth (a la the final scene of "A Clockwork Orange") for Smithers to feed him. Smithers produces a bowl of nuts and holds one up to Burns' mouth.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Skin.

Smithers peels the red skin off the nut, then places it in Burns' mouth.

BURNS

(CHEWING HAPPILY) It's a remarkable
thing. In the short time you were gone,
I learned to be completely self reli--

(SNAPS OPENS MOUTH FOR ANOTHER BITE)

Smithers places another nut on Burns' tongue.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Oh, and as for that brutish fellow who
knocked me out the window... see that he
gets what's coming to him.

SMITHERS

I already have, sir.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Homer marvels at a lavish gift basket of fruit, deli meats,
etc., on the coffee table in front of him. Bart and Lisa
look on as Homer digs in.

BART

What did you get that for?

HOMER

For knocking Mr. Burns out a third story
window.

BART

(SHRUGS) Makes sense to me.

LISA

Did he die?

HOMER

What am I -- a doctor?

3F14 **TABLE DRAFT** 7/20/95 50.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW